

THE UNKNOWN COUNTRY.

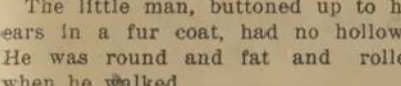
"Where is the unknown country?" I whispered sad and slow— "The strange and awful country To which I soon must go, To which I soon must go?"

Out of the unknown country A voice sang sweet and low: "O pleasant is that country And sweet it is to go, to go, And sweet it is to go."

"Along the shining country The peaceful rivers flow; And in that wondrous country The tree of life does grow, does grow, The tree of life does grow."

Ah, then into that country Of which I nothing know, The everlasting country, With willing heart I go, I go, With willing heart I go. —Dinah Mulock Craik.

The Pebeians



The little dog's tail was tucked in tightly between his legs, and he shivered and shook as the wind blew the snow against his hollow sides.

The little man, buttoned up to his ears in a fur coat, had no hollows. He was round and fat and rolled when he walked.

"Hello!" he said, as he stumbled over the dog. He stopped and peered through his eyeglasses. "Where did you come from?"

The dog raled a hopeful ear and whined. "Burton," called Billy Bates from the big blue motor car at the curb, "get a move on, I'm freezing."

Burton ran down the steps and came up to the machine, puffing. "I thought maybe I'd have my man take that dog in."

"Don't do it," Billy advised. "He ought to be in the pound. He's just a common cur."

Burton climbed in. "Well, I'd like to have a dog," he said, as they started off.

"Get a good one then," Billy admonished. "We might go up to the kennel show now and look them over."

"All right," Burton agreed. But as they whizzed away, his eyes went back to the little creature crouched in his doorway, seeking shelter from the cutting blasts.

"What you want," Billy explained, "is a good city dog. A bull terrier, I should say. One of the fellows has a dachshund—brought him over, you know, and paid for him by the yard, and another has a French poodle and ties his hair in front with a red bow, but those are eccentricities. And fox terriers are too lady-like, and hunting dogs are for the country. If you want a dog that is perfectly good form, I should say a bull terrier."

"Could I keep a bull terrier in my rooms?" Burton asked.

"You've heard of a bull in a china shop," remarked Billy facetiously, "and this could not be worse."

Burton laughed. He always laughed at his friend's feeble jokes. It was one of the easiest ways of paying his debt of gratitude. For Billy had made possible Burton's break into society, and the friendship of the two men was based on Billy's social canniness and on Burton's willingness to pay all bills. It was Billy who chose the irreproachable bachelor apartments where Burton lived in lonely state; it was Billy who furnished the buffet and the valet; it was Billy who coached Burton in the ethics of up-to-date gastronomy; and it was Billy who shared in all of these benefits, gratis. Hence it was on the cards that, under Billy's chaperonage, Burton should buy his dog!

At the door of the Kennel Club they met Marcia Wells and her mother. Marcia had an abundance of red-gold hair. She wore a smart walking suit, and the violets that Burton had sent her. And she was a joy forever!

She was taller than Burton and as he walked beside her he was ill at ease. There were other reasons than his size for uneasiness, however. Marcia's ancestors had come over in the Mayflower, and she bore the stamp of her new world aristocracy in her confident air, her security, her detachment from what she called the common herd.

Burton's ancestry was a thing of shreds and tatters. There had been a Burton in the Civil War. Back of that he dared not go. The soldier had served with some honor, but he had signed his name with a cross mark. The Burtons following had been dead poor and dead ignorant, until this one son, with shrewdness and good luck, had struggled into a fortune.

"I love dogs," said Marcia Wells, as they stopped in front of an engaging bunch of St. Bernard puppies. "Down at Wellsboro we have fifteen, and when I start out for a ride, they almost tear me to pieces."

"I had a dog once," Burton told her eagerly, "it was the nicest dog, and when it died I cried like everything. I was a little fellow, you know."

"What kind of a dog was it?" Mar-

cia asked, pulling the ears of a pointer who had made overtures as she passed.

"Oh, I don't know," Burton stammered, "just dog, I guess."

"Really?" Marcia murmured, and added, "It doesn't pay to keep anything but blooded dogs—"

"Well, my little dog was pretty nice," Burton insisted, and then wilted at Marcia's indifferent "Really?"

Billy Bates, who with Mrs. Wells, had forged ahead, came back now, with the information: "Here's a dog for you, Burton." He guided them to a box where a bull terrier, with a blue ribbon in his collar, stood looking out upon the yelping, barking, whining world, with the calm glance of a thoroughbred.

"There!" Billy said, and fell back that Burton might look. "He has a pedigree as long as your arm, all his points are perfect, and he's for sale. It's the chance of a lifetime."

"Oh, you beauty!" Marcia cried. Her indifference was gone, her eyes sparkled. "You beauty!"

But Burton was not enthusiastic. There was something repellent in the smug self-confidence of that short-nosed dog. It was bad enough to have friend who looked down on you, and a valet who condescended to you, but to be burdened with a dog whose pedigree was longer than your own would be unbearable.

He tried to bluff it out. "Oh, I don't know," he said, "I'm afraid I shouldn't want him in my rooms."

"I should want him anywhere," Marcia told him. "He's a ducky dog, Mr. Burton. You would love him in a week."

But Burton knew he wouldn't love him. He knew that the smug little dog would keep him at a distance, and he would be out in the cold as he had always been with Billy's friends, and even with Billy.

"Oh, I don't know," he hesitated again. Marcia leaned over and took the dog's black muzzle in her gloved hand.

"Old fellow," she said softly, and looked deep into his eyes, and his tail began to wag slowly, and his lips wrinkled back from his teeth in a grin of happiness.

As they stood there together, the girl and the dog, Burton felt that they were two of a kind, in that back of them both was prideful ancestry, and in both of them ran patrician blood. He was seized with an inspiration.

"Let me get him for you, Miss Marcia," he said, "he won't look at me after seeing you."

"Oh, no," Marcia refused quickly; but her mother interposed: "It is very kind of Mr. Burton, dear, and we can take him down to Wellsboro with us next week."

The brightness had all died out of Marcia's face, and her perfunctory thanks chilled the little fires of Burton's hopes.

But for every haughty withdrawal of her daughter, Mrs. Wells always made compensating advances, and now, as the tag made him the property of Miss Marcia Wells, of Wellsboro, was tied about the neck of the smug little dog, Burton's drooping spirits were revived by the mother's tactful: "You have done so much for Marcia. You mustn't mind if she is a bit overpowered."

"Now, she shouldn't feel that way," little Burton protested. "I like to do things for her, Mrs. Wells. She is a beautiful girl." And Mrs. Wells said: "We think so."

And then Burton bore them off radiantly to lunch and they ate in a great golden-lighted dining room, and Burton ordered the grape fruit and the lobster Newburg and the chiffonate salad and the dainty wines, and tried to enter into the gossip of the elect.

But Billy and Marcia talked only to each other; Marcia, composed outwardly, but glowing with some inner fire that lighted her eyes and tinged her cheeks with pink; Billy, expressing by every intonation of his lowered voice his adoration.

And in the face of their preoccupation, Burton grew more and more despondent as the courses progressed, until Mrs. Wells made a remark that sent the blood singing to his heart: "We want you to come to Wellsboro for Christmas week, Marcia and I. Billy will be there, and a lot of young people, and we expect to have some good times."

Burton's effervescence following the invitation was a thing that made Billy stare.

"We will see you soon," the little man said, as late that afternoon he put them down at their own door. "And I hope when I get to Wellsboro you will have a welcome for me."

"Indeed we shall," said Marcia's mother, but it was at Marcia that Burton looked. And Marcia's eyes were on Billy—the tender eyes of a loving woman. And in that moment the little fires of hope in Burton's bosom died out forever.

"Billy," he said slowly, as they chugged away through the falling snow—"Billy, it will be a lucky man that gets Marcia Wells."

"Oh, shut up!" Billy growled. Burton stared at him. "What's the matter?"

"Well, don't I know the fellow will be lucky?" Billy stormed. "But that doesn't make it any easier for me."

"But—she loves you—" steadily. Billy turned on him. "What difference does that make?" he flung out bitterly. "I adore her, and she—cares. But I can't marry her."

"We are both dead poor," Billy said. "Wellsboro is mortgaged up to the limit. She has got to marry a rich

man. It doesn't make any difference if he is as common as dishwater. He's got to be rich."

Burton felt the cold strike deep within him. He knew now why he was invited to Wellsboro. He knew why Billy's tone was so bitter. He knew why Marcia avoided him and why her mother had been so gracious. He was "as common as dishwater," and they all knew it. But they wanted his money!

On through the storm went the big machine, rounding the drift-heaped corners silently, speeding through the snowy streets with the great lantern flaming in the twilight.

"If I loved a girl," Burton said at last out of the stillness, "I'd marry her if I was as poor as Job's turkey. I'd marry her if I loved her."

Billy turned and looked at the fat little figure beside him: "Oh, you!" he said contemptuously.

Burton's head went up. "I may not be in your class, Bates," he said, "but if I loved her and she cared, I'd marry her if I had to run away with her. But if she didn't—care—she might beg me on her knees. She couldn't marry me for what I have."

"Well," Billy's laugh was hateful, "if you wait until a girl cares for you, you'll wait a long time, Burton."

It was a dastardly thing to say, but Billy was disgruntled, and Burton knew it was true. He knew that, except for his money, he could not have touched the outer rim of the circle in which Marcia and Billy moved. He was an alien, an outsider, a Pariah!

The automobile drew up to the curb in front of the big apartment house in which Burton lived. The little man got out and Billy started to follow.

"No," Burton said, and Billy stopped, and stared—"no, I don't want you to come in to-night, Billy. My man will take you home. I know you were upset and all that, but I can't quite get over what you said to me just now. And I am not quite sure that I shall ever get over it, Billy."

He was just a little puffy, red-faced pebelean, all bundled up in a fur coat, and with his breath coming short, but in that moment Billy knew that his hold upon the little man was gone. He had killed the goose with the golden egg.

As Burton went slowly up the steps, the door opened, letting out a flood of yellow light. There was a yelp, and something soft was hurled against his legs.

"What is it?" he asked bending over.

"I kicked him out, sir," the elevator boy explained from the doorway. "It's a stray dog. He's been about here all day, sir!"

"Well, you are a nice brute!" Burton commented as he picked the moaning creature out of the snow and with the cur in his arms he entered the elevator.

The boy carried him up and landed him on the fourth floor with the warning: "You'd better let him alone, sir. He's a common cur."

"Humph!" was all the answer that Burton vouchsafed, and when he had let himself into his room he dropped the trembling little creature on the rug.

"So they kicked you out, did they?" he asked. "Well, you're not the only one, puppie."

A half hour later as the dog, washed and fed, lay luxuriously in front of the fire, Burton said again: "So they kicked you out? Well, I know how it feels."

Over the fire-place was a Burnes-Jones head of a girl. It was the one thing in the room that Burton had selected. All the other elegancies were the result of Billy's taste. But that one picture Burton had chosen because it reminded him of Marcia.

"Yes, I know how it feels," he repeated slowly, and suddenly as he sat there looking at the beautiful drooping head he caught his breath in a sob, and his own head went down on his arm, and the room was very still.

The little dog staggered up on his weak legs, and casting an inquiring eye upon the huddled up figure. Then he put a paw on Burton's knee and whined.

Burton raised his head and looked straight into the anxious brown eyes. "Oh, look here," he said unsteadily, "you know how it feels. You're ugly and common, and nobody wants you."

The other paw was laid on his hand as the little brute gave sympathetic attention.

"Say, let's get out," Burton continued. "You don't fit in here, and I don't. My man out to-night, thank the Lord, or he'd make no end of a row about you. There's an old aunt of mine up in the country, and she's as poor as I used to be, and she's got a little farm. I'm going to make it a big farm before I get through; and out there I can be the big frog in the puddle, and we'll tramp around the country, and there'll be people I can talk to and not feel they're looking down on me—"

The little dog, hesitating, crawled into his lap. With the rough head tucked under his chin, Burton had a sudden comforting sense of companionship. Here was no smug, self-satisfied aristocrat, but a friend who loved him.

"You're pretty nice," he whispered. "I guess we're two of a kind—"

His voice broke. And for a long time they sat there together, the little common dog and the little common man, seeing visions of the freedom of God's country and the life of their kind.—Elmira Telegram.

Money makes the automobile go and the automobile makes the money go—and there you are.

WOMEN OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

Cabin Miles from So-Called Civilization Homes of Happiness.

Every spring hundreds of brides journey to Alaska and fully as many young women go north, with more or less trepidation, to be married, so that the number of homes in the neighborhood of the arctic circle grows larger each year, Frances Sterrett says in the Housekeeper. The trepidation only lasts while the brides are "cheechalkos," or tenderfeet. After they have watched the ice go out and are real "sour doughs," they want no sympathy because fate sent them to a country where coal is \$30 a ton and lemons a dollar a dozen. You cannot find an Alaskan who will find fault with Alaska, and so, as every one is satisfied, the mining camps at Dawson, Fairbanks and Nome, or the cabins out along the creeks, miles and miles from what we call civilization, hold only happy housekeepers, women who know more about canned goods and what can be done with a tin of beans than anybody on either continent.

Everything that comes to their doors is canned, milk, eggs and potatoes, as well as the vegetables that we all use. In the larger camps fresh vegetables are brought in by steamer in the summer, until the shops bloom with a wealth of succulent green things, but only the anecdotes of these delicacies reach "the creeks." The gardens at Dawson are famous, for almost any vegetable will grow if the housewife will bother to plant it. Although the season is so short the sun shines night and day and the cabbage keeps the same working hours.

Condensed milk is the arctic housekeeper's standby and you would not believe how much was used unless you saw the pile of empty tins. Every woman has to learn to make muffins and cake all over again until she knows just the proportions of milk and water that will produce the light and feathery result. Canned eggs offer a similar course of study and so do tinned potatoes to the woman who must serve three palatable meals a day from canned or dried foods.

It is a wild, free life these arctic women live. They know how to shoot and can keep the larder replenished when the men are busy. The can also take a big pan of pay gravel and wash it until the specks of gold are free from dirt. In their fur parki and mukluks they can trot beside the dog sled on the winter trail and when the journey of several hundred miles is over they can play Mendelssohn or Chopin on the piano that takes up half the room in the little cabin.

"We never sleep," declared a happy arctic housekeeper. "In the summer it is light for twenty-four hours and it is not worth while to go to bed, and in the winter when it is dark for twenty-four hours, we have to be doing things to forget the darkness, so there is no chance to sleep."

But whether they sleep or not they look fresh and unfagged like the days they go forth so joyously to meet.

RESOURCES OF SIBERIA.

Utilization of Nature's Gifts Will Make Peasantry Rich.

In the forests there is wealth, the half of which cannot be told, says Consular Reports. There is scarcely a farm that does not support one or more valuable forests that add to the beauty of the landscape and afford more or less protection from the cold, both for man and beast. Birch, pine and oak predominate. The immense wealth of the forests may be indicated by the fact that the area of forest belonging to the crown alone exceeds 3,500,000 acres. In addition to the native forests, a well-regulated system of forestry has been established and the plains hitherto barren are now being rapidly planted.

Siberia is richly endowed with navigable rivers, the Volga, Kama, Chusovaya, Serebrianka, Tagil, Tura, Tobol, Irtysh, Obi, Amur and many others affording transportation for millions of tons of freight in and out. It is notable that many of these streams flow to the north. All abound in fish of rare varieties, the sturgeon of the Volga being noted world over.

With the settlement of Siberia, railways will follow, and eventually the exports will surpass the brightest dream of the peasant, who will become rich and prosperous. Already thousands of tons of the finest butter are being sent to Denmark, Holland, Germany and England. It is of late shipped in tubs to China and Japan, where it is rapidly replacing the tinned butter imported from Denmark and Holland; it also finds its way to South Africa.

The herds are being improved, the short-horns and Jersey replacing the long-horned, small and unproductive native breeds. Better horses are to be seen, owing to the cross of the native animals with imported breeds from France and the United States. The common black sheep, small, ugly, with coarse wool, are being replaced with the flat-tail Cotswold, the Southdown and other imported breeds. Five years ago a white sheep in a flock was the exception, but it is different now. The razorback, long-nouted swine are also giving way to the Poland-China and other improved breeds. They grow fat on the cheap grains grown on the Siberian plains and from the wastes of the dairy, and from them the finest hams and bacon are produced, which find a ready market in Germany and elsewhere.

Do as you please and you'll be the only person pleased.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

Farming in some parts of Nigeria has been rendered unprofitable by the raids of baboons.

The first process of making soda on an extensive scale was discovered by Nicholas Leblanc, a French chemist, in 1791.

There is one mill in Minneapolis which turns out between seventeen thousand and eighteen thousand barrels of flour each day.

To encourage saving among the people, the Spanish government has established a postal savings bank under guaranty of the state.

The new terminal station of the Pennsylvania Railroad in New York has sixteen miles of tracks, including twenty-one standing stations.

More than ten thousand school children of Chicago are forced by reason of inadequate seating accommodations to cut their attendance to a half day session.

Britain's antarctic expedition now in course of preparation will carry wireless telegraphic equipment sufficient to enable messages to be sent to New Zealand from the ship and from stations established at bases of supplies on land or ice.

Boston University, according to its new year book, has an attendance of 1,514 in all its departments. Of these 962 are men and 552 are women. The chief increases are in the College of Liberal Arts, the courses for teachers and the School of Theology.

Boomerangs are now made of celluloid and hard rubber. Celluloid is better than cardboard because it is waterproof, light, very hard to break and can be worked into the peculiar curve and twist so necessary to give the boomerang its singular properties.

An inventor of moving picture appliances and machinery has devised a new screen which gets rid of the annoyance of darkness in the room. With his patent screen, a large mirror with a chemically frosted surface, pictures are as plain in the light as in darkness, thus doing away with the danger of panic in the dark.

For train dispatching the Canadian Pacific Railroad has found the telephone so serviceable that the present system of about five hundred miles of telephone lines will be extended to one thousand miles within a year. The company states that about 50 per cent more traffic can be handled now than was possible under the old telegraph system of dispatching.

Dr. Amy Tanner, formerly a professor at Wilson College, has been chosen to supervise the work of measuring and testing defective children at the institute for child study, which has just been opened at Clark University, Worcester, Mass. The institute is to be devoted entirely to the study of children and will eventually have five departments, each supervised by an expert.

In Halmstad, Sweden, Pontas Holmstrom is about to start a spinning mill for making yarn out of paper. Such mills already exist in Germany and France. So far the manufacture of rugs and carpets seems to be the best practical use of this new paper yarn. It is said that people in Sweden, especially in the provinces of Ostergotland, are already making carpets with paper web. Narrow rolls of paper tape are used; but this, of course, is not spun.—London Globe.

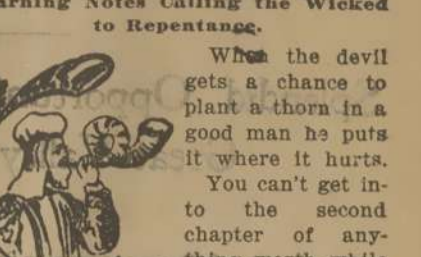
One hundred leading London chefs are to celebrate soon the professional jubilee of M. Escoffier, the Napoleon of the kitchen. The supper will be surprisingly simple, consisting of English oysters, fillet of sole, chicken en casserole—old style; cold meats, salad and an ice. This seems in strange contrast with some elaborate and monstrous bills of fare that President Taft is steered up against or steers away from. Escoffier has been chef at the Carleton and Savoy for many years, and formerly, when chef to Napoleon III., was captured at Metz.—New York Press.

Not long ago Noah White, of Chestate district had a butting sheep. This sheep went across the Blue Ridge in Union County on a visit, and while there went to the house of a lady with her flock of sheep. This lady decided to put the strange sheep up until its owner called for it, but lo and behold she made a failure, for the sheep commenced to show fight. The lady made for the house, the sheep in hot pursuit, butting her every step until the door was reached. Then it entered, and did not stop until it ran not only the lady, but every child she had off the place. After staying a while it left, and the family took possession of the house again.—Dahonega (Ga.) Nugget.

There is a real campaign in Europe against the corset. The Queen of Italy is opposed to stays, and Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania, wishes every woman, thin and fat, to cast off the corset and trust to nature. "The woman who wears corsets," she says, "makes a martyr of herself, and does everything possible to hinder her natural development. All that is unnatural offends my sense of beauty and is hateful to me. A tight waist I resent as unaesthetic." German scientists decry the corset on health grounds, but the German empress is an earnest advocate of it. She not only wears a stiff corset herself, but insists that her maids of honor shall not appear before her unless tightly laced.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.



When the devil gets a chance to plant a thorn in a good man he puts it where it hurts. You can't get into the second chapter of anything worth while without finding woman there in all the pictures.

The billious man is never an optimist. A lost opportunity never finds its way back. Truth never dodges, no matter how hot the fire is.

The right kind of goodness is always good for something. A lazy man does his hardest work in looking for an easy place.

Unbelief is the egg out of which all sins are hatched. The man who fails to look ahead will soon fall back.

It costs more to be proud than it does to be generous. When God sends His people to the furnace He goes into the fire with them.

The man who sits down to wait for a big streak of good luck will need a good cushion on his chair. In some places they call a man professor simply because he professes to know things he doesn't know.

Many a noodle is stumping through the world on crutches because he couldn't learn anything from his mistakes. "They will be done on earth" will mean nothing in the church on Sunday unless it means something in the shop and the store on Monday.

ACCIDENTAL NONSENSE.

It is not surprising that the gifted inventor of such classic imaginative nonsense as "The Jumbies" and "The Owl and the Pussy-Cat" took a keen delight in the real nonsense of real life whenever he chanced to encounter it. During a doleful stay in a dreary little mining village where it rained all the time, and he was not well and could not accomplish the work he had set his heart on doing, the late Edward Lear, although a good and decorous churchgoer, found his source of cheer in the parish clerk.

"O beloved clerk!" he wrote gratefully to a friend. "He reads the Psalms enough to make you go into fits. He said last Sunday 'As white as an old salmon,' instead of 'White as snow in Salmon.' 'A Hon' for 'allen'—'to my mother's children,' and 'they are not guinea-plugs,' instead of 'guiltless.' Fact: but I grieve to say he's turned out for the same, and will never more please my foolish ears."

Even funnier was the erratic English of a foreigner, which once enlightened for him the prolonged formalities of an official dinner.

"Sitting next to the captain of an Austrian frigate at Sir H. Sterle's on Thursday evening," he recorded, "the German officer said to a subaltern—the conversation was about the good looks of women—"I do think the Englishwoman conserve her aperiend galship (girlhood) longer than all the women; even as far as her antics (antiquity, age)."

"The subaltern withered with confusion till I ventured to interpret, 'The Englishwoman preserves her appearance of youth longer than all women—even if she be old.'"

One Sided Gambling.

"One need only to try his luck at any of the Riviera gambling palaces to learn how slender are the chances to win at roulette," says a German correspondent writing from Ostend. "But if he would experience the gambler's disadvantage at its best let him come to Ostend and join the baccarat players. The game as it is played gives the man who places his money against the bank no chance whatever, and if it were known how much money is sacrificed in a season in the endeavor to win by luck and by system the public would be horrified. It is nothing unusual for the bank to win twenty-four times before an outsider wins once. The people who play, if they have ever played before, know this, and still they come again, respond to the call until they depart and plant their gold in the baccarat mire in the hope that it will bear fruit. It does. But what is the harvest?"

Polar Ode.

The arctic jokes have the floor, The birds insult the muse, When writing odes to polar roads, And giving men the "blues."

Through all the land we hear the roar, Of angry men who swear "That Cook ne'er found the icy mound" Or "Peary wasn't there." —Chicago Record-Herald.

Didn't Believe It.

The Squire—That's a splendid horse, Gies. I suppose you feed it daily with punctuality? Gies—Now, zur. None o' yer no-fangled foods fur me. Just 'ay and oats—oats and 'ay.—London Telegraph.

The hay-fever victim appreciates anything that is not to be sneezed at.

Ten to one it's your own fault if luck is against you.